

## A RIDE ON THE FAST MAIL

In the Cab Between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

It is significant that the one train which makes the Chicago St. Paul run in ten hours, carries no passengers.

To ride on it is a privilege acquired by few. Yet a journey on this train, which carries none but government mail clerks and its crew, is an experience, especially if the journey be made on the "fireman's side of the huge locomotive which pulls it. It is a revelation of what fast passenger service means and a liberal education in appreciation of the cool nerve and absolute competency of the men who run fast trains.

The fast mail over the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway leaves Chicago every night of the year with from twenty to fifty tons of mail aboard and reaches St. Paul every morning with its burden of letters and packages in time for transfer to other trains to the Pacific coast to connect with the mail boats, north into the Dominion, east and west into adjoining states and radiating over a dozen lines of railway into every nook and cranny of the Northwest.

If one asks why the fast mail carries no passengers, he is answered that there are other trains which do that work. Another reason is apparent after a journey on the "head end" with the two cinder-marked and grease-smudged gods of the machine that pulls it.

Ten-hour service means speed. On a glorious night not long ago the fast mail pulled out of Milwaukee on time, swinging along an easy gait through the maze of green, white and red switchlights, until the last tall semaphore arm signaled "all clear," then Engineer Sullivan's long right arm shot forward through the dark suddenly, the hoarse syncopation of the exhaust changed suddenly to a long wailing roar, and the tremendous locomotive seemed to lurch up in every joint as she swung forward into the night.

"He trun her in compound," the fireman, Woodland, explained. His father in his early life had apprenticed him to a jeweler. He had a back like an ox and an arm like an oak tree.

Mail posts began to fade in regular succession and telegraph poles flew by so fast it was hardly possible to count. The track ahead took on an uncanny grayish haze, but the speed constantly increased. The big locomotive slowed down for nothing. She took sharp curves like a race horse and lunged into the long tangents like a signed cat. Engineer Sullivan didn't talk much. He was pretty busy watching the track. When he did it was to the point.

"Forty-five miles out of Milwaukee, including the trip through the yards and suburbs, where he had to slow down, in forty-six minutes," he said.

He dropped to the ground and

oiled up almost on the run. Two minutes elapsed, the big machine was ready to go again, but the conductor appeared out of the gloom and remarked that a journal on a mail car had run hot.

Hot journals are not serious in themselves, but six minutes clipped from the schedule of a train which must run while in motion at a rate of slightly more than 55 miles an hour for 408 miles, is a very important matter. Engineer Sullivan swore softly and drowned his wrath in copious applications of more oil to the big engine's stuffing boxes. Then he mounted the towering cab again and the race was on again.

Woodland grinned.

"We'll run like a pup with a tin can tied to his tail now," he confided.

We did. Mile posts and telegraph poles became one long procession, with scarcely perceptible distances between them. The air rushed through the open cab windows like a cyclone, and the mail cars, trailing along behind, rocked and swung on their springs like so many drunken men. The pace was tremendous.

One's sensations were much like those when the horses enter the last eighth on a fast track and 40,000 people in the grand stand begin to cheer. The speed gradually increased from 51 to 58, then to 62, 66, 71, 74 and 76 miles an hour; then, on the crest of a "hill," the summit of an up and down grade, it suddenly jumped to 84 and then to 92 miles an hour—a mile and a half a minute, and one felt an insane desire to yank the throttle away out and see if it were not possible to make three miles a minute.

It was a pace that made the government mail officials grin, but it was no pace for sedate burghers and business men.

At Rio the pace suddenly fell off. Engineer Sullivan looked at his watch.

"On time," he said briefly. The Fast Mail covered the remaining few miles at a handy clip, stopped for a minute at a crossing and swung into Watertown, 93.1 miles from Milwaukee, on time to a second.

Ninety three miles in a trifle more than 100 minutes actual running time!

Reeling off the miles at a speed of practically a mile a minute, Engineer Sullivan passed the yard limits at Sparta on time, only to find the signals out against him, and train No. 2, which had the right of way because it was a southbound train, losing time and late. The heavy mail train pulled into a clear siding, and twelve minutes lapsed before the bright, white headlight of the southbound passenger showed around a curve.

Twelve minutes lost was a handicap, but it did not mean much after the other things that had happened. The big A2 locomotive, with driving wheels seven feet in diameter, swung out on the main line again, and after a few strokes

of her pistons, sent the speed rate climbing.

Eighty-eight miles an hour was interesting, but not sensational, after having made 92 miles an hour. The heavy train pulled into North La Crosse on time—26 miles in 23½ minutes.

The regular passenger trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway make speed records sometimes. Their schedules are moderate, yet their engine drivers are in constant danger of minor delays and small losses of time, every minute of which means a faster actual running schedule and more speed in order to cover the remaining mileage on time. To handle a big train requires several qualities most men value—absolute self confidence and self-reliance on the part of the engine driver, conservative nerve and daring, resourcefulness and lightning quickness of judgment which must not be nearly right but absolutely unerring.

On big locomotive of the Milwaukee's Pioneer Limited a few nights since, Engineer Sullivan and Fireman Hultane covered the greater part of the run from Lake City to La Crosse at a speed averaging for actual running time between 55 and 58 miles an hour. On another night, with Engineer Patrick Doyle and Fireman John Youngquist, many minor delays and the handicap of "slow orders," on one long section of track, were overcome by added speed, and the Pioneer Limited, an unusually heavy train on that night, pulled into La Crosse on time.

Men like Sullivan, Weaver, Doyle, Smith—who is no longer a working engineer—Doyle, Homer Williams and their ilk come but seldom to public notice, yet their nerve and resourcefulness nightly guard the lives of hundreds, and their complete mastery of their profession enables men to cover long distances without loss of time and without disagreeable incident.—Curtis L. Mosher, in the St. Paul Dispatch.

## ANOTHER PROBLEM

Capt. Carter Furnishes Another Test for the Watermelon Eater.

Here is another chance for the watermelon fiend. Capt. Morgan Potter of the police department furnishes the News a problem which he says is the best one yet produced.

Now if you want a nice Carter for your dinner work out the answer and send or bring it to the News office.

The problem is as follows: "A man went to market with a quantity of wheat. He sold it for 87½ cents per bushel. Allowing 60 pounds to the bushel, when he got home and counted his money he found that he had as many dollars as he had bushels of wheat and as many cents over dollars as he had pounds over bushels. What quantity of wheat did he sell.—B. G. News.

## WALTER EDWARDS

As Sherlock Holmes, at Opera House To-Night.

The Popular Favorite Is Supported This Year By Strong Company of Artists.

That the people of Hopkinsville appreciate the efforts of Manager Holland to secure some first-class attractions for our opera house here, will be plainly shown by the large audience that will greet Mr. Walter Edwards as "Sherlock Holmes" at the opera house to-night. Seats are on sale at Hardwick's drug store and indications are that standing room will be in demand. Theatregoers here well remember Mr. Edwards, who was leading man with the Vendome Stock Co. that visited this city season before last. He is said to be even better now than ever, and is supported by a company of more than ordinary ability. Of Mr. Edwards and the company that are supporting him, The Memphis, Tenn., Commercial Appeal has the following to say:

"Mr. Edwards has long since made his place secure in the dramatic profession. Mr. Edwards is said to be one of a trinity of actors, Gillette, Kelsey and Edwards, who have made wonderful success of Dr. Doyle's great stories. Like all of the Sherlock Holmes stories, this one is weird, only a trifle perhaps, more so than any of the others, because of its East India flavor. The intense interest of the novel is written in the dramatization, but there is added a delightful ingredient of stage comedy. With all it is a good presentation of what is considered by many to be Dr. Doyle's best story of Holmes. Mr. Edwards has the characterization of the detective, as well, is not a shade better than Mr. Gillette or Mr. Kelsey either. Mr. Edwards is particularly effective in the first act, laid in the most familiar of all places to readers of the Holmes stories, the Baker Street lodgings.

Supporting Mr. Edwards is a company of more than ordinary ability. Frank Sylvester made a capital Dr. Watson. Frank Tucker was very good as Jonathan Small the one legged man. It is a peculiar coincidence that this actor has but one leg; it would seem as if it were especially designed that Mr. Tucker create this part.

Of the ladies of the company nothing but words of praise can be said. All were handsomely gowned. Miss Jane Wheatley, as Mrs. John Sholto; Miss Louisa Lander as Bessie; and Miss Lorne as Mary Morston, handled their parts with skill and grace, while Miss Marie Justis made quite a hit as Wiggins, the miniature detective."

## MURDER REIGN IN MISSISSIPPI

Victims Number 569 in Eight Months—Whisky Is Blamed.

Meridian, Miss., Sept. 6.—Law and order organizations are being formed throughout this State because of a reign of murder that has resulted in 569 killings in the last eight months. Judge Miller, of this place, who is active in the reform work, says the people have too much money with which to buy whiskey and gamble. This is a prohibition State, but there is much illicit liquor selling, and this is one of the reasons assigned for the reign of crime. Others are boom towns and gambling. Most of the victims and also of the slayers are negroes.

## MISS BROOKS,

A Calloway Girl, Wins in the Louisville Times Contest.

Miss Minnie B. Brooks has won the prize in the Louisville Times contest as the most popular business woman in Louisville. The prize was a Kurtzman piano, a pianola and fifty dollars worth of pianola music. Miss Brooks received 1,396,563 votes, about 600,000 majority.

As Miss Brooks was a Calloway county girl, daughter of Frank Brooks, deceased, the people in this county took great interest in the contest and are exceedingly pleased over the result.—Ledger.

## MOUNTAIN OF ICE

Visited By Seashore Excursionists This Year.

Frozen Bodies of Snakes and Other Reptiles Found Lying On Top of Ground.

Some of the excursionists to the seashore this year, on their return trip, visited the "Mountain of Ice," the greatest natural curiosity in West Virginia.

One side of this mountain—the western—is covered from apex to the river's edge with loose ore or shale to the breadth of at least a quarter of a mile. Beneath this shaley rock, no matter at what season of the year, there is always plenty of ice to be found. When the natives want to get a supply of ice they go to the mountain, lift up some of the flat stones and dig or pick out all the ice they want. Ice has been gotten there as late in the season as Sept. 15, and that always near the surface.

The people say that there is plenty of ice the year round only requiring a little deeper digging to get it. Snakes and other reptiles which seek to cross the spot on which ice is found freeze and become torpid before they succeed, as the frozen and dead bodies of many found lying on top of the ground go to show.

Nothing will grow on or near the ice deposit, it is too cold for that. Below, at the foot of the mountain, a progressive farmer has built a big log dairy or cold storage house. The log structure has been erected partly in and partly beyond the earth, and the interstices between the logs for the depth of several feet on the mountain side are packed full and tight with ice, while the same frozen liquid covers the floor to the depth of several inches.

No effort is made to keep out reptiles, for although meat, butter, eggs, etc., are kept in the dairy, as it is called, snakes and other vermin always become torpid before they can do mischief.

This strange curiosity has been known for some time, but only lately have the people concluded to put it to use.

The only explanation of the freak given by persons familiar with the ice mountain is that the part of the mountain where the ice is found is composed of loose rock or shale, and that during the rainy seasons the spaces in the loose rock are filled with water, which, during the long, hard winters, which prevail in that section, freeze so solid that the heat and rains of summer never reach it strong enough to melt it.

## DEATH FROM FIST BLOW.

Pat Grey Kills Charles T. Russell Near Cadiz.

Cadiz, Ky., Sept. 10.—One of the most remarkable killings in the history of Kentucky, occurred near Golden Pond, in this county, this afternoon, when a man, seemingly robust and in perfect health, died from the effects of being struck with the fist by another man no larger than himself and in a drunken state when the blow was struck.

Pat Grey was the slayer and Charles T. Russell his victim. Grey became intoxicated at Golden Pond and, by his boisterous conduct, became unbearable. He was placed under arrest and Russell appointed to guard him to Cadiz, where he would be placed in jail. When the men had proceeded a short distance, Grey became intensely angry and attacked his guard, striking him in the stomach with all his power. He used no weapon, however, except his naked fist. Russell immediately fell to the ground and within less than an hour was dead. Grey made his escape.

## REGISTRATION CERTIFICATE.

Republicans File Suit to Test Constitutionality.

Covington, Ky., Sept. 10.—The Republicans have filed suit here to test the constitutionality of the law requiring registration certificates. Arguments will be heard Tuesday and will be pushed to a quick decision.

# SORE FEET SORE HANDS One Night Treatment with CUTICURA

Soak the feet or hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great Skin Cure and purest of emollients. Bandage lightly in old, soft cotton or linen. For itching, burning, and scaling eczema, rashes, inflammation, and chafing, for redness, roughness, cracks, and fissures, with brittle, shapeless nails, this treatment is simply wonderful, frequently curing in one night.

Complete Humor Cure, consisting of CUTICURA Soap, 25c. per box of 50; Ointment, 50c. Depot: London, 27, Chatterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5 Rue de la Paix; Boston, 137 Columbus Ave. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. Send for "How to Cure Every Humor."

## A Convenient

# Drug Store!

We are now in our new store, corner Main and Ninth Sts.,

Old First National

Bank Building.

We appreciate very much the many new customers who have enlisted with us, and will take great pleasure in showing you through our new store.

Ray & Fowler, Ninth and Main Sts.



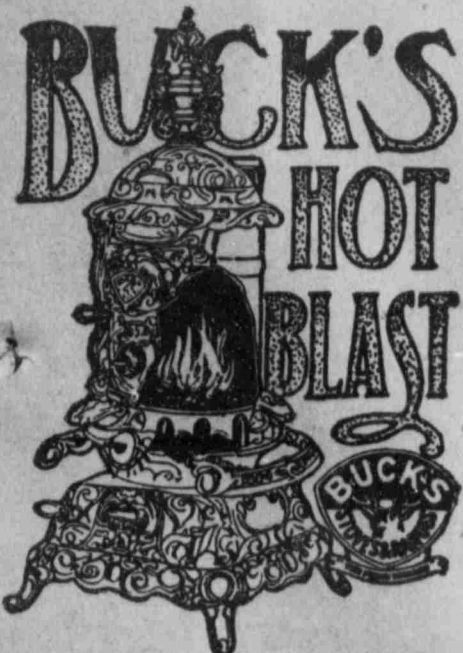
## PROTECTING THE ORPHAN

is one of the offices of a trust company. It acts as a guardian and safeguards the child's interests in every way. The little one's estate is carefully handled to its best interests.

The Planters Bank and Trust Company

is prepared to undertake such a responsible duty at any time. It also acts as trustee, executor or administrator. It receives deposits subject to check at sight.

# To Heater Wanters!



Just imagine a heater that will get the same result out of one 1-4 ton of the cheapest kind of soft coal as a high price bad burner will with one ton of hard coal.

That is what is claimed for the Buck's Hot Blast, and in order to prove it we are going to give a demonstration in front of our store on

September 20, at 9 O'clock.

We are going to show that 38 per cent. of gas and smoke in soft coal can be, AND IS USED as fuel in this wonderful heater. If you have any idea of buying a heater, you should call and let us show you a Buck's Hot Blast. It is just exactly what you want. See it on exhibition in our window.

GEO. W. YOUNG.